

A BIDDING RIVALRY.

AN INCIDENT OF AN AUCTION OF OLD CHINA AND BRIC-A-BRAC.

What Happened When Two Women Each Determined to Have a \$5 Cup and Saucer—Hard to Tell Which Felt Worst When It Was All Over.

It was the third day of an auction sale of the china, bric-a-brac and furniture of the late residence of an old New York family, and the auction room was crowded to the doors with dealers in antiques, connoisseurs, speculators and people who had just dropped in to fish up a bargain in glass of china if an opportunity offered. There were a large number of women present, and they were principally bidders.

The auctioneer seemed used to such a crowd, and continued to call out the bids monotonously despite the annoying situation that arose every time he reached an article which one of the women had marked to buy for herself. Things had been quiet for a time when the auctioneer reached No. 700, on the catalogue, which was a cup and saucer of Sevres china. It was a very pretty bit of Sevres, elegantly decorated and frail enough to suit the most artistic fancy. It was such a piece as might be purchased at any fine china or glass store for \$5, and it certainly would not have been reasonable to expect more than \$4 for it at auction sale.

The auctioneer called out the price, and the women began to bid. The bidding was very close, and the auctioneer was obliged to call out the price again and again. The women were very much excited, and the auctioneer was obliged to call out the price again and again.

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BYWAYS OF SEVILLE.

THUMB NAIL SKETCHES OF A WITTY AND GRACIOUS PEOPLE.

The Lazy and picturesque life of the Andalusians—Sketches of the Through Through Windows—A Taverna Where the Darker Side of Life is Displayed.

Wandering home through the dark, winding byways, you pass clanked figures, whispering at the iron-bound windows, as they call it. With the lattice slightly open, the fair Sevillana sits in her chair, looking out at the night. The old folks, weary of the task of chaperoning, after locking the daughter in a room barred like a prison cell, have gone to bed, and for hours, sometimes till the night, the girl sits there, looking out at the night. The old folks, weary of the task of chaperoning, after locking the daughter in a room barred like a prison cell, have gone to bed, and for hours, sometimes till the night, the girl sits there, looking out at the night.

There is another queer tale about this carnival. "A merchant of Bristol," it is said, "set sail with his cargo for Ireland. Some time after, while his family were at supper, he fell in through the window in the back of the house, and landed in the sea. When the merchant returned and saw the knife, he declared it to be his own and said that on such a day, at such an hour, while sailing in an unknown part of the sea, he dropped the knife overboard, and the day and the hour were found to be exactly the same as the day and the hour when he fell in through the window in the back of the house, and landed in the sea. When the merchant returned and saw the knife, he declared it to be his own and said that on such a day, at such an hour, while sailing in an unknown part of the sea, he dropped the knife overboard, and the day and the hour were found to be exactly the same as the day and the hour when he fell in through the window in the back of the house, and landed in the sea.

Some People Never Satisfied.

Some years ago a wealthy manufacturer in Canada employing nearly 1,000 hands, established a "model" city, thus giving the workmen and their families many comforts and luxuries that they could not have attained unaided. Of course there were regulations to govern the model city, which, as a rule, were strictly observed.

There were fault finders, however, and especially a new comer named Dismal. Among the rules was one forbidding the burning of soft coal on account of the odor and smoke, and Dismal complained strongly.

"My goodness," remonstrated a friend, "I don't see what you are grumbling about. You have hard coal at cost of the other you ain't out of pocket."

"That's right for the lord," asserted Dismal.

"Look here," demanded his friend, "do you really want to burn the nasty stuff?"

"No, I don't want it," replied Dismal. "But I want to have the right in case I want it."—Pearson's Weekly.

Archbishop Whately had a rough tongue. He was called Ursula Major—the Great Bear—at Oxford, a fact unknown to a young noble-camp who met him at a party in London.

Approaching the primrose of Ireland, the youth asked, "Does your grace know what is the difference between an ass and an archbishop?"

"No," was the grave answer.

"Then the youth went on, 'An ass has a cross on his back, but an archbishop has a cross on his chest.'"

"Very good," said the archbishop. "Now will you tell me what is the difference between a young ass and a young archbishop?"

"Neither do I," said the archbishop, and walked away.—Youth's Companion.

Noted the Politician.

A collier, whose bent is toward pigeon flying, went to Bolton the other day, carrying, of course, a bird with him, a long, long bird, about to toss up the pigeon in the town hall square when a policeman came up to him and told him that he must not toss it up there.

"Why not?" asked the collier.

"Because it is forbidden, and I shall have to lock you up if you do."

The collier, with the usual sharpness of his wit, then turned to the policeman and said, "I'll lock you up, too, if you don't stop talking."

The policeman, who was a bit of a fellow, then turned to the collier and said, "I'll lock you up, too, if you don't stop talking."

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A SEA ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

Extraordinary Superstition Once Prevailed in England.

The curious superstition that there is an ocean above the clouds is illustrated by the following strange story by an old English writer: "One Sunday the people of a certain village were coming out to church on a fine day, and when they saw the anchor of a ship hooked to one of the tombstones—the cable, which was tightly stretched, hanging down from the church. The people were astonished, and while they were consulting about it suddenly they saw the rope move as though some one lay on it, and they saw the anchor move as though it were being pulled up by the anchor. The people were astonished, and while they were consulting about it suddenly they saw the rope move as though some one lay on it, and they saw the anchor move as though it were being pulled up by the anchor.

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THE JAPANESE DO NOT USE OPTICS.

The Japanese, unlike their Chinese neighbors, have a horror of opium smoking. In Japan it is a crime, punishable by a heavy fine and a long imprisonment. It is a crime to sell opium or smoking apparatus, and the only places where the drug can be purchased are in a person's private home, and for private consumption only.

After the trial of various methods the government has finally adopted a regulation to the effect that no person shall be allowed to purchase opium for private consumption unless he is a resident of the city, and that no person shall be allowed to purchase opium for private consumption unless he is a resident of the city, and that no person shall be allowed to purchase opium for private consumption unless he is a resident of the city.

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RAILROAD TICKETS.

THE SAN FRANCISCO AND SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY RAILROAD COMPANY.

From April 1, 1897, passenger fares as follows: San Francisco to Sacramento, \$1.00; Sacramento to San Francisco, \$1.00; San Francisco to San Jose, \$1.00; San Jose to San Francisco, \$1.00; San Francisco to Stockton, \$1.00; Stockton to San Francisco, \$1.00; San Francisco to Modesto, \$1.00; Modesto to San Francisco, \$1.00; San Francisco to Merced, \$1.00; Merced to San Francisco, \$1.00; San Francisco to Fresno, \$1.00; Fresno to San Francisco, \$1.00; San Francisco to Hanford, \$1.00; Hanford to San Francisco, \$1.00; San Francisco to Corcoran, \$1.00; Corcoran to San Francisco, \$1.00; San Francisco to Wasco, \$1.00; Wasco to San Francisco, \$1.00; San Francisco to Arvin, \$1.00; Arvin to San Francisco, \$1.00; San Francisco to Taft, \$1.00; Taft to San Francisco, \$1.00; San Francisco to Bakersfield, \$1.00; Bakersfield to San Francisco, \$1.00; San Francisco to Lancaster, \$1.00; Lancaster to San Francisco, \$1.00; San Francisco to Palmdale, \$1.00; Palmdale to San Francisco, \$1.00; 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